

RED SCARE ON SUNSET

Mary, Pat (2 women)

1950's Hollywood, Bullocks Department store. Wholesome film star, Mary Dale, is shopping at Bullocks with her best friend, Pat Pilford, beloved comedienne/ radio personality.

Act I
Scene 4

MARY

After this I thought we'd look at slacks.

PAT

No. We're going to talk. What's wrong, Mary?

MARY

Nothing's wrong.

PAT

Quit stalling. I'll get it out of you.

MARY

Am I so transparent?

PAT

Like a silk stocking without a run. It's Frank, isn't it?

MARY

Yes, it's Frank. Pat, I really don't want to discuss it and certainly not here in Bullocks.

PAT

Mary, this is Pat, you know Pat, P-A-T, zany, warm hearted, bad dye job, your best friend.

MARY

I think Frank may be seeing another woman.

PAT

Anyone we know?

MARY

Oh yes. Marta Towers.

PAT
(speechless)

Don't even...Did you catch them in flagrante delicto?

MARY

What?

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PAT

Did you catch them in the act? The Soviet version of the old ooh la la.

MARY

No, nothing like that. It's only a suspicion, mind you. But I'm scared, Pat. Frank's growing away from me. It's as if I hardly know him anymore.

PAT

What's your evidence?

MARY

Marta's convinced him to join her method acting class.

PAT

Mary, if you let him walk through those doors, you'll never see him again.

MARY

What can I do?

PAT

You're so helpless. How did you become a star? You must have some steel in your girdle.

MARY

He's moved out of the house. I can't very well throw myself in front of his car.

PAT

Then you'll have to follow him there.

MARY

I couldn't. He'd be furious.

PAT

Better angry now than divorced later. Don't you see, Mary, it's not Marta the he loves, it's what she stands for, high art and all that crap. If it was sex he was after, he'd be hot tailing it with some carhop with big bazooms, not some eggheaded pinko. Face it girl, your enemy isn't pussy, it's Stanislavsky! Want me to play sidekick?

MARY

No, I must do this alone. If only I could be sure this was the right thing to do.

PAT

Trust Pat. How many times must I tell people? Ideas are dangerous. Squash 'em!

MARY

Pat, you're so vehement.

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PAT

Maybe it's just that...well I knew a woman once who loved a man, desperately. He too became infatuated with an idea and the little fool did nothing and lost him. Well enough of that malarkey. Hey, what do you say we look at them hats and get you a spiffy one for your entrée into the academy of dramatic art?

MARY

Well perhaps there is method in your madness. *(She laughs)*

PAT

Shakespeare, ain't it? And who says we ain't highbrow?

They link arms and exit through SL door.

BLACKOUT